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REFLECTIONS
OF THE MIND

1st Prize — Artwork



—DOLLY ERVIN

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1st Prize — Poetry

Mystery Man!
Whamo! Appears at noon,
Whoosh! Vanishes until nightfall!
Omnipotent bearer of switches,
Lord of the wallet.
Judge of wants and needs,
Strong man of jar caps.

Kisser of juicy kisses,
Fixer of broke dolls.
Giver of Dentyne, scrawny kittens,
Santa Claus.
Professor of truth, law, right, wrong,
Playmate, babysitter.
Sun of my solar system,
Man of love and give,
My daddy is!

—CHRYB BULLARD

Special Merit — Poetry

A NEW HIDING PLACE

Trickled, trapped, trodden
drops of rain
wet my face.
Running, racing, and rearing
to get back to my college-stained room.
I'm not at home anymore
And Momma told me I was no longer a little girl.

Licked, luscious, latent
crumbs of gingersnap
burn my lips.
Coming, content, and caring
to stay right here.
This is my new hiding place
And I'm a little girl coming in from the rain.

—MEG REVELLE

Special Merit — Poetry

CARNIVAL

The neon monsters towering above the
Tattered tents of the carnival
Are now only ghastly black skeletons.
Silhouetted against the clouds of night
They wait . . .
They wait for the surge of energy
That will give them life and light
A tinny melody from the
Merry-go-round lingers,
Forgotten,
Alone,
Lost in the stillness.
Arrested in midflight are
The gaudily painted horses
Grinning hellishly from behind
Their big wooden teeth.
Perhaps they were beautiful
Once upon a time.
But after millions of revolutions
Gliding steadily to nowhere,
They died and left hollow shells
Buried in a graveyard . . .
This carnival.

—ROSE YOUNG

BACON BISCUITS

The sun came through the crack in the curtains as Liz opened her eyes. Eve had already gotten up, and Liz could hear the sounds of her brothers' loud voices coming from the next room. She turned over in the soft bed to escape the blinding rays of sun. Eve's pillow was still warm.

The dull green room was partially lighted by the morning sun that had come up bright from the other side of the world. "Whoever lives there must have had a hot day," she thought.

Liz raised up and sat on the edge of the bed. She looked around at the very old-fashioned room. The Depression didn't leave much of the family income to interior decorating, so she had to be satisfied with the needed things.

Liz thought of Ruth Ann Bowers, who lived in a big white house on the main highway. She seemed to have everything. Her room was surely not old-fashioned. Liz merely presumed this, never having seen Ruth Ann's house.

A small heater kept Liz's out-dated room warm in the wintertime. It stood on one side of the room like a baby elephant waiting for a peanut. There were the windows also in the room, two of them, all with cracked panes.

"Come on Liz. It's Sunday, remember," Eve shouted, interrupting Liz's survey of the room.

"I'm coming," Liz replied, placing both of her bare feet on the cold floor. She tiptoed across the room and stopped at the mirror to look at her morning appearance. Her sun-ripened hair fell loosely over her shoulders. Her very thirteen-year-old face identified the time of the day. Liz reached up to where her three dresses hung. They were all hand-me-downs and only one was fit for Sunday. Taking down the best of the three, she quickly slid it over her head. It fell over her little-girl figure and Liz tugged at her bloomers. Mother made her wear them. They were really boys' underwear, but mother said they held up better

than fancy silk ones. Liz hated to wear them, so that day she decided she wouldn't wear anything. It would be cooler anyway.

Ruth Ann Bowers was the first one Liz saw when they arrived at church. Ruth Ann was an only child, and had moved to the country only a year ago. She daintily stepped out of the car as Liz jumped out of the cart that had been pulled by Old Red, the mule. Eve, Jack, James, Tom, and Dirwin leaped out behind her.

Ruth Ann's hair looked as if it had been freshly curled. Her dress, which looked new, stood out around her as she walked up the church steps. It was evident that Ruth Ann wore silk underwear and not boys' bloomers.

Liz followed her family into the church, and her father chose the pew directly in front of Ruth Ann and her mother and father. As Liz sat down she could feel the distasteful eyes of Ruth Ann upon her spaghetti-like hair.

The service was slow and long, and the fact that Liz had intentionally neglected to put on her underwear did not help to make the hard wooden benches comfortable. She squirmed frequently to relieve her agony. Liz felt someone tap on her shoulder and quickly turned to see what it was. It was Ruth Ann.

"Do you mind," she said with a smirk, "kindly sitting still? You're distracting me from the sermon. What have you got, ants in your pants or something?" Liz turned away and leaned back.

Monday morning, no light came through the opened curtains except that of the moon and scattered stars. The old-fashioned room was concealed with blackness. Liz could hear the scattered raised voices of her brothers from the next room. She unwrapped herself and jolted Eve.

"Get up. It's after five," Liz said.

"Okay, okay," Eve moaned.

"We've got to go milk the cow before breakfast, and I heard Daddy say that some pigs were out. Come on, get up."

Liz jumped over Eve, who had still not bothered to move from her sleeping position. Liz's feet met the chilled floor, and she stepped lightly on her toes through the darkness. Taking down her Monday dress from the nail on the wall, she continued to try to awaken Eve.

"Hurry Eve, get up. It's getting late."

She felt her way to the bureau which held her socks and underclothes. Eve was beginning to stir under the covers. Liz finished dressing and combed her hair, and Eve sat up on the side of the bed, keeping her feet off of the cold floor.

"I'm leaving," called Liz, walking out of the door. "Now hurry. I can't do everything by myself."

In the kitchen where Liz went to get the milk buckets, Ma was busily beginning breakfast.

"When you finish milking the cow, come back and help me fix the lunch bags, OK?" Liz's mother said kindly.

"All right. Bacon biscuits again?"

"Yes, that's all we have, you know. The apples will be ripe in a week or two; then you can have fruit."

The morning work was finished, and the breakfast dishes were washed. Mother stood by the table carefully wrapping four bacon biscuits and tucking them into four separate paper bags. Liz, Eve, Jack, and James each took one and went out the back screen door into the morning that had finally appeared. A dim sun lay back against the edge of the brown cornfield. A silver hue, almost resembling snow, lay on the dew-covered grass.

"I think we're going to be late." James insisted.

"No we aren't, stupid. Just wait and see. We have plenty of time," retorted Jack.

"It's only a mile. Well, almost a mile," Eve suggested as an opportunity to quiet the two boys.

Walking on, Jack said, "See, we're almost there."

James interrupted, "Hey, there's the bus. Let's run."

The orange school bus came to a stop and waited for the four to get on one at a time.

Liz, exhausted, stepped on the bus and saw Ruth Ann Bowers sitting in the front seat behind the driver. Her dark hair was curled and pulled back in a blue ribbon. Her blue skirt fell down just below her knee, and her legs were placed in a most lady-like manner.

Ruth Ann wasn't very popular with the other students in the seventh grade, but she certainly was admired. She was always so neat. Liz glanced down at the splattered milk on her own dress and felt the tangles in her wind-blown hair.

The bus soon stopped at the school, and Ruth Ann was the first to get out. A group of girls sat beneath the oak tree with the biggest roots in the county. This was not only a gathering place, but a place where everyone ate lunch. Ruth Ann didn't go over there. She walked inside to her desk where she sat until the bell rang.

The bell rang, and after a scramble everyone was seated. Liz put her books under her desk and prepared herself to listen. As lunch time approached, the students grew restless. Liz reached down several times and pulled at her bagging socks. Finally, the bell sounded to eat. Liz automatically reached under her desk for her paper bag, but she couldn't feel it. She looked to see if it had fallen on the floor, but it wasn't there either. Liz was puzzled, but perhaps she had left it on the bus. Yes, that must have been what happened.

Liz stood up and filed out with the other students. She wouldn't eat today. Ruth Ann never ate. Maybe she's afraid of losing her figure. Liz laughed to herself.

Looking around for someone to talk to during lunch, Liz noticed Ruth Ann sitting down beneath the oak tree on a large root. Liz stood puzzled as she watched her carefully open a brown paper bag and take out a single wrapped object that much resembled Ma's carefully packaged bacon biscuits.

—PEGGY PRICE

13

Like a bitter wine
Or a piece of cheese,
They say I'll improve.
What the hell do I do for now?

—CHRYB BULLARD

(For) ANGELA

i don't mean to disturb your apathy
but i thought it might be
a matter of passing interest
to you that
i am dying of loneliness.

—LORI LEIBOWITZ

The waves break against the shore
Reminding me of the time
I reached out to you
Only to be pushed away.

—BETTI BYRANT

OLD HOUSE

An abandoned house huddles in the
Middle of the field.
Its rotting frame still stands,
The planks bleached white like bones.
Hollow eyes beneath a
Sagging brow stare unseeing across the weeds.
Wind blows the loose tin roof,
Wrenching an agonized groan from
Dry, gray jaws.
Like an old man, the abandoned house
Waits for death —
Not knowing when,
But sure of its coming.

A rat creeps through the rustling grass,
Through moldy boards,
Into a dark cavity.
Then, finding nothing,
It, too, leaves.

—ROSE YOUNG

One soft leaf
Clinging to a branch
Holds hard with its hands
Then falls
Swaying to the song of the silent wind
And crashes noiselessly on the ground.

—BEVERLY CARR

THE LIST

Mother had errands to be run.
The busy hurrying and scurrying of a Saturday afternoon.
 Fix the sewing machine
 Hang out the clothes
 Rake the leaves
 Take the chairs
Take the chairs?
The beautiful hand carved, oak chairs with the wicker seats
That had become such a permanent fixture in our kitchen.
The wicker was not quite as strong as it had once been, and
It was time for them to be rewoven.
We packed them into the car
And then began our drive to Mr. Goodwin's —
The man who would once again renew our chairs.
As we pulled in the driveway my mother said,
"You know, he's blind."
While we removed the chairs from the car,
Mr. Goodwin came out of his shop.
As my mother spoke to him, she had a tendency to raise her voice —
Funny how people react around the handicapped.
He was blind indeed, but far from deaf.
He was a very warm man.
Though he was unable to see me, I couldn't help but smile at him.
What a wise man he must be to be deprived of the gift of sight,
And to master the art of restoring antique chairs.
He was a wonderful man.
We talked for a while but it was soon time to go.
He once again reassured my mother that the chairs would be finished
As soon as possible.
As the door slowly closed behind us, Mr. Goodwin replied,
"It was nice seeing you."
 Fix the sewing machine
 Hang out the clothes
 Rake the leaves
 Take the chairs
 Thank God.

—PAM PACE

MY STRANGER

I already know you
My daughter —
Your name
Though you have had a hundred
Your eyes
They will be blue-Carolina blue
Your hair
Light, like melted sugar.
The way you'll grow
It's planned you see.

You don't have to like Math
Or even enjoy Science
Only write poems,
And smile,
Speak softly,
And often laugh.

—PEGGY PRICE

THE CREATION

Tucked
Snuggly under folds
Of yellow and blue
With dappled peach skin
And crescent-shaped lips
A petite creature lies.
And I behold a creation
Of love and unity
My child.

—EMILY WINGO

THREE FACES OF THANKSGIVING

A prayer mumbled in thanks means nothing
To a boy, cold at night even under covers.
They came to get the rent and took his supper.
Uncle Sam is his father and doesn't know him.
How could he begin to understand!

A prayer mumbled in thanks means nothing
When you've got — cars, class, beauty.
Bedazzled by glitter the world radiates with warmth.
Money's his father — cold cash.
How could he warm up to him?

A prayer mumbled in thanks,
For the life I have within me and
The world around me which gives me life.
Needs, pains, desires, love — satisfied.
God is my father, He understands.

—BETTY BRADLEY

Preparation
No sleep
Motivation
Cold showers.

Uncontrolled laughter
Cluttered study rooms,
Doughnuts at 10:00,
Gaily wrapped packages.

Hillsborough Square for an hour,
Empty blue books,
Exams
. . . at Peace.

—ELIZABETH McNAIR

WALKWAYS

As I peer down on the walkways of Peace, I see a circle, a few crosses, and many straight-a-ways. The circle encloses a traditional splash of everlasting beauty. The crosswalks serve as shortcuts to knowledge, entertainment, and human relations. And the straight-a-ways lead (without a bypass) to truth, irreplaceable educational opportunities, and a quaint poised home. What would Peace be without walkways?

—ADAIR GIBSON

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSIC
CONCERT-LECTURE PROGRAM
BY JOAN MELTON DUYK
AND MARGARET BLACK
LATE ONE NIGHT IN SPRING
AT PEACE

Smile and Bow.
Grab a note.
Grab a note
By the throat,
And sing
Merrily, merrily,
Life is but
Atonal row.

—CAROLE TYLER

HELLO, I LIVE DOWN THE HALL

When the laughing has turned to conversation
On silence,
And the dried green fountain has dropped
Its last impression into the cement,
The knowledge
Presented by the college
Of the after-five hours
Will restore
One-room castles filled with smoke and smiles.

Someone wanders in from the street
To bum a book
That she didn't buy,
And a dead cookie from the weekend visit
Home.
My one-room castle
Filled with posters on
Love
Peace
And Beauty
Is lying somewhere under the smoke and smiles
Of one year acquaintances.

—PEGGY PRICE

ARRIVAL

There were at least 250 girls arriving, but their presence added confusion comparable to that of at least 500 elephants. Everything had been put on a schedule — the inevitable timetable. No time would be wasted, no one would get homesick and the sophomores would be busy continually, but never too busy. They smiled and offered encouragement and friendship — not because they had been programmed to do so, but because that is what they wanted to do. Cars piled high with bicycles, clothes, never to be worn while at Peace College, illegal popcorn poppers and enough odd pieces of furniture to furnish a three bedroom apartment, rolled up to the front door of Main building. As if on a signal, ten laughing sophomores converged on the waiting car and left each tired Daddy astounded and pleased to see that he was only left with an assortment of odd shoes, two pocketbooks and the Peace College Handbook, open to the Alma Mater, to carry up to his daughter's fourth floor dorm room. Meanwhile, the dazzled freshman haltingly made her way to the registration desk. Here an assured sophomore distributed name tags and gave each girl an awesome looking orientation schedule. Occasionally a girl would falter when asked her name and then a deep red blush would spread from her neck to the tip of her ears. It didn't matter, though, because new girls were arriving every second and no one could possibly remember the name of each girl who made a simple mistake. While lunch was being served, I noticed that each freshman sat with her parents and acted like this was their first meeting. Who would have believed that they had lived together for eighteen years? The last meal together must be an awkward one, because I've never seen so little conversation among so many girls. Napkins were dropped, tea was turned over and in general the meal seemed to be a disaster. After dinner, though, each girl left as if walking to her death. From where I was, I saw many girls bid their parents a hasty good-bye with a quick kiss for Mom and Dad and then they turned around with eyes brimming and a determined step.

—ELIZABETH McNAIR

— THE OCEAN AT SUNRISE —

It was five o'clock (A.M.) on August 5, 1974, and I anxiously awaited the glory and splendor of my very first sunrise. The early morning sky was as black as coal with the exception of a few twinkling stars sprinkled about. The entire world around me was silent as I sat upon a towering sand dune. The only audible noise was the powerful roar of the great Atlantic, whose vast body stretched to what seemed infinity. A summer chill settled over the land as the cool salty breeze was imported from the ocean.

As six o'clock arrived, the eastern sky put on a robe of rich royal blue, while the western sky's robe remained black. Little by little, moment by moment, the stars vanished, and the entire sky wore bright sapphire blue. The sun finally peeped above the horizon and bade the world a hearty good-morning! I was shocked to see that at this early hour the sun wore a bright orange face. The face was unblemished by clouds; my view was perfect. This circular face was not tangerine orange, orange orange, or pumpkin orange; rather, it was NEON orange! It was one of the most breath-taking, soul-stirring views I have ever witnessed.

As the sun gradually crept out of bed (the horizon), its golden rays danced upon the water. The waves looked like frolicking emeralds with spotlights following their every movement. The snow white foam rushed ashore to meet the glistening grains of sand. The sky became a brilliant light blue, caroling blue, SKY blue! The warmth of the sun's rays erased the previous night's chill, and a new day was born. I really felt involved that day because I had witnessed its birth.

—MARTHA JAYNE CAMERON



—SARAH GRAY LAMM

A FRIEND

THIS EXORBITANT FORCE:

Pushes optimism, encourages faithfulness.

THIS EXORBITANT FORCE:

Refreshes like an early spring shower;

Reflects like a golden looking glass

 All happiness and sunniness

 Of each of her perfect moments.

THIS EXORBITANT FORCE:

Exhilarates the meek and subdued;

Finds reason for existence

Tramples rubbish and affliction.

THIS EXORBITANT FORCE:

 An early spring shower

 A golden looking glass

 A reason for existence

A FRIEND.

—BEVERLY CARR

I heard a light sound upon
 the screen of my window tonight,
as I studied so diligently.

 As I listened,

 I thought it might be

 You

throwing tiny stones

 to signal me that you had arrived

 to take me off to Life.

I jumped from my work

 to answer your beckoning

But found only a trapped moth

 caught between my pane and screen.

—BETH ELAM

THE WEB

I'm so confused.

I've lost my inner-self

My life is like a fly —

Trapped in a spider's web,

 All entwined in somebody else's mess.

I need to get out and find myself.

 But I'm trapped

And now I'm about to be eaten up

 By my own mistakes and enemies.

—SUSAN JOHNSON

IF

If you are in doubt —
 look at the brightness of a rising sun
 and wonder no more.
If you are in fear —
 look at the sparkling stars that appear in the
 heavens and be no more afraid.
If you are in pain —
 watch the tossing sea upon a pier and
 pain will be minute.
If you are in tears —
 remember that drops of water make the earth grow.
If you are happy —
 frame that special feeling.
If you are in love —
 Thank God for creating a creature such as man.

—MARSHA REAMS

Life is living and dying.
Living is faith in God and one's self.
Living is love of life and of mankind.
Living is honesty.
Dying is a continuation.
Dying is a recollection of the joys of life.
Dying is living again.

—ADAIR GIBSON

"THE COLLEGE HOURS"

Between 8:15 and 5:05
When each August day lowers
Comes a pause in my summer activities
That is known as the "The College Hours."

I hear in the halls beyond me
That patter of many feet
The sound of doors that are opened
And voices I shall meet.

Amidst my studying, I dream in the lamplight
Descending Pressly's stairs
Hurrying girls and grave teachers
Greeting students and friends of theirs.

A whisper and then a silence
Yet I know by their shifty eyes
The teachers are plotting and planning together
To test us by surprise!

Unfinished journals in English
A "pop test" after all!
With three books left unopened
I am afraid my grades may fall!

At times, I would like to climb into bed
And forget the work lying there
If I try to escape, my work surrounds me
Requirements seem to be everywhere.

Teachers almost devour me with homework
Pressures about me entwine
Till my work is finally completed
Hurrah! Then, I shall feel fine!

Do you think, O red-eyed students
Because you have studied this fall
Such a full week of examinations
Is not a match for you all?

But Peace has me fast in its fortress
And will not let me depart
Until it has endowed me with knowledge
And won a permanent place in my heart.

In August, two years seemed forever
Yes, forever and a day;
But now, as this semester draws to a close
I realize "College Hours" have sped away!

—DEBRA CANNON

THE EMERGENCY ROOM

The room was empty,
filled with furniture and slouching bodies, but
frightfully void.
It smelt of burnt-out cigarettes, harsh antiseptics, lifeless air.
Crumpled magazines, worn out plastic covered seats, used cups . . .
A solitary picture of the resurrection of Jesus Christ
Behind musty glass.

We waited
in motionless numbness.
Half-familiar faces supporting my mother . . .
They were soft, they were sorry, they were there . . .
In the corner of my eye,
The figure of my father crept back and forth
By the doorway.

My mother spoke in subdued tones.
The nurse came in. Drawing her aside,
She spoke, giving slow, precise directions.
They handed me a thick green syrup.
I remember my mother saying in the background
I reacted strangely to medication.
Someone turned the volume and motion down.

We sat there longer.
I lost conception
of what could be the inevitable outcome.
I had hope . . .
Then, the priest stepped in.
A diminutive, soft-spoken man in black dress and silver cross . . .
I realized then it was over.

—LYN DEBNAM

A COUNTRY WEEKEND

Grapes sweet from the vine,
Peanuts from the earth,
Hot biscuits
And watermelon.
Oleo-colored butterflies playing with the wind.
A newborn calf taking its first uncertain steps.
Pigs pressing for food.
Wild flowers dancing in dainty dresses among commonplace weeds.
A quiet walk at dusk — feeling close to God and nature.

—BETTY BRADLEY



—SUSAN JOHNSON

FALL OUT

Fall
The leaves
Are gone to the gutters
Like my mind.
The blue sky has turned grey
Like my optimism.
And the green grass is a duller green
Like my envy.

The wind carried
It all away last night
While I was sleeping
Alone.

—PEGGY PRICE

VERSE VICE

If you write verse,
Take my advice
Write nice verse,
or vice verse,
or nice verse in reverse,
Which is verse vice,
Or vice versa.

—CAROLE TYLER

A symbol of love,
Of caring,
Of God.
A flower.

—ELIZABETH McNAIR

LOVES ME . . . LOVES ME NOT

It was one of those false spring afternoons that creeps into the early days of March; the kind that deceptively tempts you to shed your protective undershirts and rubber boots, thus leaving one vulnerable body nakedly exposed to the fickle elements. On this particular Thursday afternoon, Linza Estelle Martin dashed into the house in her usual vibrant manner, opened up her blue wool coat and a young heart full of hopes.

“ . . . But I know Eric cares for me Mama, like a girlfriend, too. You should see the way he makes a special effort to hit me on the arm as he walks down the hall at break, and when we’re in class he tries not to look my way, but he can’t help it! Elizabeth even says he watches me, and she should know — she sits right behind me. Today she told me that he went through my pocketbook at dinner, just to see whose picture I had first in my wallet.”

Linza’s mother, always torn between reassuring her spirited daughter and cautioning her high hopes, lay down her needlework and made ready to untie some rebellious apron strings.

“Well, I just don’t like to see you get your hopes up so high. You stare out that window, hoping to get a glance of him, and when he finally comes over, all he ever wants to do is play football, or get you to help him with his Algebra. You’re his friend now, Linza. You never can tell what a fifteen year old boy is thinking. Eric’s surely not going to start looking for a girlfriend until he gets his driver’s license.”

“Oh Mama, you’re so wrong! He told me today that there was something very important he wanted to talk to me about. He’s coming over later to see me — just me, Mama.”

“Well, please don’t stare out of that window any this afternoon. If he wanted you to see him, he’d be over here instead of at his house.”

“Oh, all right. I forgot to tell you, I asked Lynne, Beverly, Elizabeth, and Christy to come to the pajama party tomorrow night, and they can all come. Do you think you can handle five rambunctious teenagers — food and all?”

“Oh, I’m pretty sure I can handle that. A few hotbogs here and some potato chips there. I’ve tackled harder projects in my time. What are you planning to do for entertainment?”

"Wellll . . . I've sorta kinda got a plan."

"Uh-Oh."

"You see, I thought if Eric knew I was gonna have kind of a party, he and some of his friends could come over, and we could dance some. Anyway, I know the girls would have a better time if there were some guys here. What do you think?"

"Honestly, I never knew a female who did so much wrangling to get the guy she was after. But . . . with hesitation I'll say it's OK."

"Great Mom. I'll hint around to Eric when he comes over tonight." And it was well that Linza turned and dashed out of the room, for she missed the pained turn of her mother's mouth, and the frustrated plea that lingered in her eye.

At 8:30 P.M., Linza was in her standard position before the right edge of the left-hand curtain of the upstairs center front window, when she heard the doorbell chime. As her heart palpitated a little faster, she sighed the name Eric, and her feet never felt the steps and the turns she executed to greet him at the door, approximately thirteen and one-half seconds later.

"Eric! I'm so glad to see you."

"Were you very busy?"

"Well, I was in the middle of some necessary homework, but that's OK — you said you had something to talk to me about . . ."

"Yea . . . kinda, I guess."

"Well, let's get — Oh! I'm sorry, come on in!"

"Thanks."

"Just have a seat over here on the couch with me. Now, what do you want to talk about?"

"Well, Linza, it's about a party."

"Oh wow! Has Mama already told you? That stinker, she must have! I'm going to invite Lynne, Elizabeth, Christy, and Beverly. Why don't you get a few of your friends — about four or more — to come over and we'll dance some? I promise it'll be a good time."

"Hey, th-that's great. Say, you're inviting Elizabeth and who else?"

"Christy, Lynne, and Beverly."

"Great! Just perfect, I mean groovy. I'll get some of the guys to come over and it'll be a blast. Well, I guess I'd better be going. I've got homework to do too."

"Oh, you're leaving already — Oh, I mean, I'm so sorry you have to rush, but at least we got a chance to talk about that important thing you wanted to talk about. Are you sure we talked about it?"

"Yea. The party — that was all."

"Well, I'll see ya tomorrow. Come over again soon."

"Sure. Thanks Linza."

As a slightly disappointed Linza closed the front door, her heart beat like the steady drips of a child's tears. But within, she knew he cared — she just knew it; and as she climbed the stairs back to her room, she marvelled at how four measley letters put together to form the name Eric had come to mean so much to her.

"Darn it. It sure has gotten colder tonight. I had my mind all made up to wear my lime green sweater and matching pants, but they're knit, and I really think I ought to wear wool. What do you think, Beverly?"

"Wait a minute, Elizabeth, I'm trying to get my eyeliner on straight. What did you say?"

"I think you should wear the lime green anyway, Elizabeth. It does more for the color of your hair."

"Christy, you always know the right thing to do, or think you do, anyway. I'm going to wear my brown wool. I was only teasing about you knowing the right thing to do."

"You always are. Where did Linza go?"

"She's looking out that front window at Eric's house. She makes such a little fool of herself over him. Everybody knows how she feels about him, and everybody knows how he feels about her. She's in for one big heartbreak."

"Well, Elizabeth, if you're such a good friend of hers, why don't you tell her how it is?"

"She'd only think I was jealous, and besides, she'll find out soon enough anyway. Shhh — here she comes."

Like a whirlwind, Linza blew into the room and shouted, "They're on their way! I just saw Eric and four other guys leaving his front door, and they're on their way. Y'all hurry up and finish getting ready. This is the first real party I've ever had and it's sooooo exciting!"

Linza — always missing the aftermath of her entrance and exit, didn't see Elizabeth's omnipotent, wry smile, or Christy's look of compassion, or Lynne's outward dislike of Elizabeth, or the smudge of eyeliner that streaked Beverly's new skirt.

Pleased with herself as a budding young hostess, Linza looked around the crowded living room, and inwardly praised herself for work well done. Oh, there are so many people here, and everybody looks like they're having such a good time. More people came than I ever expected . . ."

At that moment, Beverly came bounding over, struggling to get the eyeliner smudge off of her skirt, and simultaneously trying to tell Linza the news of the century.

"Linza, you'll never guess what happened! Chuck Brooks — THE Chuck Brooks asked me to go to the Freshman-Sophomore party with him next month! Can you imagine HIM asking ME? And asking me so early. It's like he wants to make sure that I don't go with anybody else! I just thought I'd die when he asked me. I can't believe it."

"Oh Bev, I'm so happy for you! You're the luckiest girl I know of. Chuck is so cute. I wish Eric would — Bev, where is Eric?"

"I don't know Linza. Last time I saw him he was headed for the kitchen. You know how guys are."

"Yea. I think I'll go scout out the rest of my party."

Bee-bopping into the kitchen, Linza at once saw Eric, and then she saw Eric leaning with his arm propped up against the refrigerator, smiling down at the well-filled brown wool sweater and pants that Elizabeth was wearing. Surprise slapped her first, and she turned the other cheek, but then the realization of what she had just walked into slapped her next. Her thoughts churned and agonized into one big squashy mess.

"How long has he been in here with her? Oh my God, she knew all the time how I felt, Oh my God" . . . and a nauseating sob ripped from

her groin to her throat as she hated them both — despised them for knowing and not caring — using her home and her food and the love she offered to be together and exclude her from the intimacy she longed for. But SHE knew now. She had them both pegged — the stares Elizabeth said Eric gave her in class — Elizabeth who sat right behind her. The pictures in her wallet — Elizabeth's picture was first — and the party Eric wanted to talk about. How many immature fifteen year olds would have enough nerve to ask Elizabeth Stewart to the Freshman-Sophomore — Not that insecure little whelp. He wanted her to do it for him. But now she finally knew it all, and they'd never get her again.

She left the kitchen unseen, weak-kneed and pale, but passed through the rest of the party in a half-dream glazed with ghosts of Eric and Elizabeth standing wherever she least expected them — always there. She hoped no one ever knew, and she would work at it. The girl-talk went smoothly after the guys had gone. Elizabeth gave herself a facial and fickled off to bed. One by one the rest of them followed, until Linza was left alone with the night and herself.

As she prepared herself for bed, she felt a shivery chill blow across the gaping front of her nightgown. The night really had grown colder, so she shut the window, jumped into a soft bed, drew her knees up to her chest, tucked her head down over them, and pulled the tender, soft blue covers fast tight around her neck.

—CHRYB BULLARD

“WHAT COLOR IS LOVE?”

Love may be . . .

as pure and as immaculate as the color white.
as happy and as gay as the color yellow.
as warm and as bright as the color red.
as cool and as refreshing as the color green.
as quiet and as calm as the color blue.
as earthy and as solid as the color brown.
as sad and dreary as the color black.

Love entails so many moods, situations, and happenings. How could anyone say love is only one color? How could anyone say there is only one kind of love?

—CHERIE MORKETTER



—DOLLY ERVIN

The blue sky,
Filled with blinking diamond-like stars;
The eyes of God.
Momentarily closing out our sins against Him.
The ghostly fog comes
Giving God's eyes complete respite.
The redeeming wind of life
Blows away the foggy past, giving us a new sky full of stars — a new start.

—BRENDA BULLOCK

SEASON

Its summer in November
kaleidoscope color leaves
are roasting in the sun.
Cool breezes come and go.
Maybe it is out of season.
But I can still see your open arms
the fireplace
marshmallows
mellow.

—MEG REVELLE

SPRING

The rain is mournful in the orchard.
Everywhere the earth is spattered
With cherry-blossom tears.

—DONALD SAMSON

MY THOUGHTS?

"The thoughts are mine."
I said.
Even so
Every thought
Has been shared by another.

—TANA FRYER

NARROWMINDNESS I

Some people are like mollusks,
Their minds clamped tightly shut
Against invading foreign matter.
A hard shell protects the sanctity
Of their opinions
And hides their spineless,
Quivering masses of congealed prejudice.
Clinging firmly to the Rock of Ages,
They cannot be pulled loose,
Cannot be pried open.
If, by chance, a particle of truth
Infiltrates the armor,
It is so inflaming that a
Mother-of-pearl coating of indifference
Surrounds and isolates it
Until it can be complacently
Ignored . . .
Hidden . . .
Killed.

—ROSE YOUNG

A PART OF MYSELF

She cannot walk,
 May my legs be hers.
As I walk down the path,
 falling into the steps of womanhood
 may my legs guide me as she would desire.
She cannot use her hands,
 May my hands be hers.
As I use my hands to write down
 my thoughts and small words,
 may they hold truth, strength,
 and those ideas we value so dear.
She must sit in a chair,
 missing the activities she was
 so dedicated to.
As I continue to add to my future,
 may her dedication help me to
 work and teach as she did.
May my career be a part of her career.
May my dreams be a part of her dreams.
May my life be unique, yet a part of her life.
For if this is done — I would have
 shared a meaningful part of myself
 with my mother.

—MARSHA REAMS

While you watched "All My Children"
I thought about things
I had never considered.
While you napped before dinner
I attended a class in
a course I'm not taking.
While you drank at The Showcase
I read words more important than
all the words whispered in your ear.

While you were you
I grew.

—ANONYMOUS

When I think of all the things you have done for me, it fills me with a sense of wonder I have never felt before. You have taught me so many things, good and bad, that I could never even begin to show you my gratitude.

Looking back at the person I once was, I can not understand how you could have kept on loving me. Such an insensitive person I was! I remember when I didn't care about you, or for that matter **anyone!** Yes, that even includes myself. I know I hurt you deeply and I will be spending the rest of my life trying to make up for my cruelty.

Yes, Mom and Dad, **you** have taught me what it means to love and be loved and I am only now beginning to scratch the surface. I know now that as long as I have you standing by my side I can make it through any situation because I also know that love is the strongest power there is.

MOM . . . DAD . . . I Love You!

—LYLA HUBBARD

The miles between us can
hardly be measured.
Distance is a verb
modifying you and I.
I don't know why —
We just don't cut it.
I keep hoping —
Belief modifies strength.

—BETH ELAM

TEXTURED TRIPS

Persian maps
Stray cats

No good at direction in a foreign land
I'm lost on the first return to this house

Not a roaming stray
Just a college girl
living out of a suitcase
of catfood cans.

—MEG REVELLE

CLIMBING MOUNT MITCHELL ALONE, OCTOBER 1974

The warblers have abandoned the woods.
No breezes stir the trees.
I lie down beside the trail
and photograph a large black beetle
as it crackles across dry leaves.
The silence.

—DONALD SAMSON

Mountain,
What a beautiful
Thing you are.
Someday I'll climb
to your
highest peak
and touch
Heaven.

—PAM PACE

SO CLOSE TO HOME AND YET SO FAR

That lonely night, February 13, 1974, my freshman year at Peace College, I became so depressed that I had to do something before my despondency grew any deeper. Things just didn't go well for me at school that day and I knew that the next day would be even worse. You see, it would be Valentine's Day and all the girls would be getting flowers from their boyfriend, everyone except me! I dreaded the thought of having to look in my mailbox the following day and finding nothing except maybe a late notice on my phone bill. No, I just couldn't make myself stay there that night; I decided to go home.

Driving in the dark had never bothered me before; of course I was not used to making this three hour drive alone. Then there was the fog floating on the road which seemed to thicken more and more as I journeyed into darkness. Adding to the eerie atmosphere were the thoughts of "little things" I had left undone. For example, I started out with just a half a tank of gas, and it usually takes that much to make the trip from Raleigh to Wilmington. Then too, I decided to surprise my family and just drive up in the driveway, so naturally I didn't call them. It was getting late, surely after eleven o'clock, and there was very little traffic. What if I am not really here but perhaps a part of the "Twilight Zone"? My mind began to wonder . . . Solitude was broken only by the sound of my own wheels pushing the road behind.

Finally it seemed, I was nearly there. I couldn't have been more than a mile or so from my home when I felt the car slowing down and as I depressed the accelerator I found it to be useless, for the car was empty. Being very familiar with the surroundings the thought of walking the rest of the way didn't bother me. Without hesitation or much thought, I locked the doors and proceeded to walk.

The old white church became slightly visible now and I remembered the story of the man being buried alive in its graveyard just on the other side. The gray-bearded trees began bordering the winding road and the darkness was growing darker all the time. Fog was multiplied by fog, providing the dampness which seeped through my clothes. If there was moonlight that night I could not see it, for nothing was able to penetrate the midnight air. There were no houses or street lights planted along this road, the only road leading to my house. Suddenly the familiarity of this area seemed to slip my mind. I had never felt such gloom or uncertainty. Somehow I had managed to venture into Sleepy Hollow and I listened with all my might for the cry of the headless horseman. My eyes were stretched wide as they stared desperately into oblivion looking for the security of home. As I tasted the salty air it reminded me that I was near to the beach and I knew that if I listened closely I would probably hear the pounding of the waves as they crashed upon the strand. Likewise, characteristic of the area was the odor of dead-low, salty-water creek, seasoned by the muddy critters of oysters and clams. It stunk! I felt as though I should be a reptile all slimy and cold. Maybe then I would feel at ease in such an environment instead of being scared as I was.

All of a sudden a light peeked around the corner of the narrow black path behind me, accompanied by the sounds like those of an automobile — only it was going very slow. I was too scared to look back, not knowing what I might see. My heartbeats increased threefold and I could actually

hear its rhythm of continuous thunder. So I increased my footsteps to keep in time with the pounding in my chest. My house was almost visible now; it had to be! The car was getting closer and closer as it went slower and slower. Despite the chilling air, a blanket of perspiration poured out over my face, and I felt the tingling sensation as they traveled through my bloodstream and up and down my spine.

Alas, the car was beside me, and if I were to reach out my hand I would be able to touch it. The door squeaked open and I never once turned my head to see who it was. In dramatic haste I tried to run but my legs would not; I tried to scream but no sound came from my mouth. Trembling with fear, weakness, fatigue, and coldness, about to collapse, I felt the icy hand grasp my wrist. A loud fog-horn blew in the distance . . .

. . . I awoke to the sound of my roommate's voice, screaming something about a bad dream and a dozen red roses waiting for me at the switchboard.

—DEBBIE FOUNTAIN

THE "SILENT" PLAYER

Each player yearns to run the court
Yet, Is it possible?
Who calms the nerves?
Who wipes the sweat?
Who practices and works the hardest?
The Silent Player.

Her rewards must come from within
Her unseen talents must reek of success;
Not from the courts during a game,
Nor before large crowds who cheer to proclaim,
She must run the court
Not for herself
But to unite herself as one with the team.
Should she question the reason of her silence?
The Silent Player.

She must channel her energy for one attainable goal.
No excuses of why or why not.
Your day will come
Before the seasons ends.
Rewards will come by victories and defeat
And memories of success
Will follow the trail of
The Silent Player.

—MARSHA REAMS

GRADUATION

Stunt Night, friendship train, mystery meat, birthday parties, "Praise My
Soul the King of Heaven," Peanut Week, and many many more,
These are all things Sophomores leave behind us but will never forget.
There's an exciting world out there with the door wide open,
We're all a bit anxious to go through that door but also a bit hesitant.
Our two years at Peace have been golden ones,
The friends we've made and the moments we've shared.
Our lives will never be the same again — no matter how great the desire,
We'll lose contact, that's for sure, but we'll never lose those memories —
no never.
As we wear our long white dresses, carry our red roses, and feel the tears
roll down our cheeks,
We'll be hanging on to those happy days for all we're worth.
So God bless our memories and God bless Peace!

—ANNE BODDIE



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Few things in this world are timeless, but the writings of people will always remain. Your words will never sit idle and collect dust. In years to come they will shine even brighter than today reflecting the same thought, the same emotion, the same memory that returns far deeper than the pen. You the contributors made this magazine possible but for her treasured advice, her precious guidance, and her reassuring smile and kind words we thank you Mrs. Suzanne Newton — the brightest ray in our Prism.

A portion of the grant from the North Carolina Arts Council has made possible the five awards given to deserving students for their writing and art work. Judges in Prism's first competition were Peggy Hoffmann, author of **A Forest of Feathers** and **My Dear Cousin**; Peggy Payne, freelance writer and journalist; and Joan Warlick, poet and book reviewer.

